Misunderstood

N. D. Kennedy

J. Davis Barnett

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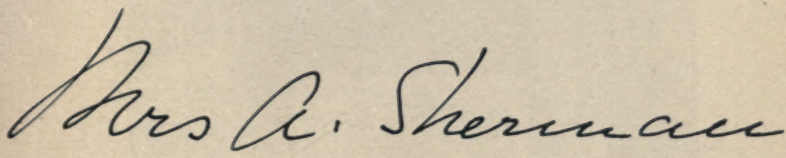

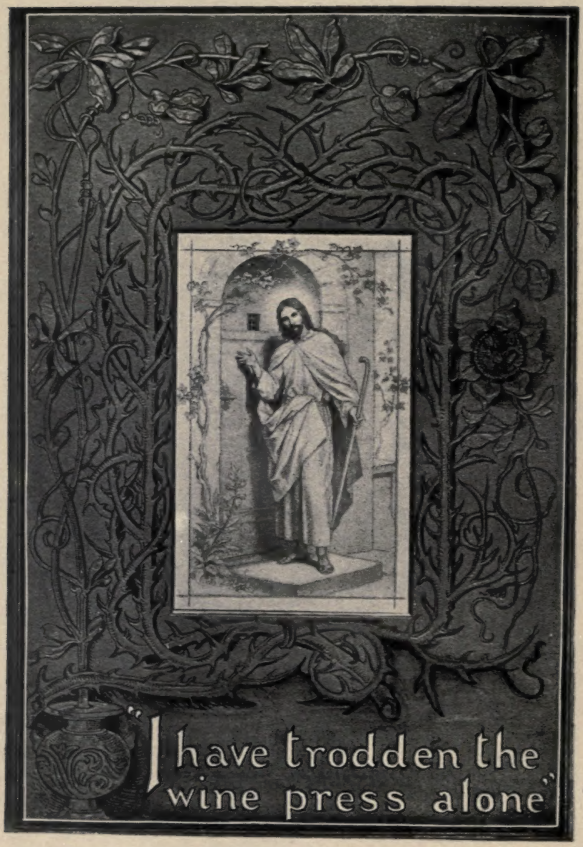
"I have trodden the wine press alone"

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MISUNDERSTOOD

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BY

EVANGELIST H. D. KENNEDY,

Author of

"Jacob the Wrestler," "Ruth's Vision," "Redeeming Love," etc.

TORONTO
WILLIAM BRIGGS
1903

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To the Dreamers

THE LONELY, THE MISUNDERSTOOD ONES,
IN EVERY HOME

THESE FEW PAGES ARE DEDICATED, IN THE HOPE THAT,

Believing in God, in Themselves, and in their Mission

THEY MAY BE ENCOURAGED AND INSPIRED TO

WITNESS FOR TRUTH

IN THE FACE OF EVERY TEMPTATION,
AND OF ALL OPPOSITION,
AND BRAVELY TO

"Tread their Winepress alone."

THE AUTHOR.

PETERBOROUGH, ONT., *August*, 1903.

Seldom can the heart be lonely,
If it seek a lonelier still,
Self-forgetting, seeking only
Emptier cups of love to fill.

—*F. R. Havergal.*

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Christ in Gethsemane.

Hoffman.

Loneliness.

THE WINEPRESS.

Dark and dreary is the desert
Through which pilgrims make their way,
Yet beyond this veil of sorrow
Lie the fields of endless day.

Fiends loud howling through the desert
Make them tremble as they go,
And the fiery darts of Satan
Often bring their courage low.

Youthful pilgrims, are you weary
Of the roughness of the way?
Does your strength begin to fail you
And your vigor to decay?

Jesus, Jesus will go with you;
He will lead you to His throne;
He who dyed his garments for you
And *the winepress trod alone.*

—*Anon.*

MISUNDERSTOOD.

CHAPTER I.

LONELINESS.

LONELINESS is either a good friend or a bad enemy. To the philosopher, to the sage, to the thinker, to any original mind loneliness or solitude is a friend. But to the weak, to the tempted, to the impure, to the melancholy, to the doubting, loneliness is an enemy. If you belong to any of these latter classes never get alone with yourself, for you will find that you yourself will be your worst enemy. God spoke a great truth in Eden when He said, "It is not good that man should be alone." There is such a thing as being alone yet not being alone. The child who cries in the dark thinks he is alone, and he cries because he fears he is not alone; he thinks his mother has left him and he

is afraid someone, not his mother, is there. It is possible to be in a crowd and yet be alone, and it is possible to be miles from every mortal on earth and yet not be alone. Have you not felt alone in the great city in the midst of the crowd, even more alone there than anywhere else? Or have you not been alone when the very thought of a distant friend brings his presence near? Or in the act of writing a letter have you not felt his presence? "Sympathy makes a crowd." When Alexander Selkirk was on the island he was *alone;* in his loneliness he cried:

> "Oh solitude where are the charms
> That sages have seen in thy face?
> Better dwell in the midst of alarms
> Than reign in this horrible place."

He was alone because no one was with him but he was still more alone because no one knew, no one sympathized or cared.

Now every one more or less, some time or other, is affected by this feeling of loneliness, not caused so much by having no one present as by thinking that no one understands or sympathizes. We

might divide the human family into two classes, those who lead and those who follow. Every age has had its leaders, those who make history by their strong, independent, original characters which seem to place them out of the reach of ordinary mortals. Men like Grant or Napoleon or Clive, who held no councils of war. Men like Gladstone or Lincoln, who depended more upon their own genius than upon cabinets or libraries, Men like Samuel, who could call thunder and lightning into the sky and drive terror into the heart of the enemy. Men like Paul, who conferred not with flesh and blood. Men like John the Baptist or Elijah, who could live in the wilderness whether anybody loved or sympathized. And yet when all is known of these apparently iron-clad characters, we see them fall from the heights of independence to the depths of loneliness. Grant had his lonely days; Napoleon once contemplated suicide; Clive, the victor of Plassy, died by his own hand; and even Gladstone and Lincoln were sometimes enveloped in clouds of darkness. Hear the doubting Samuel cry, "How can I go? If Saul hear of it he will kill me." To the

discouraged apostle God said, "Fear not, Paul, I have yet much people in this city." The heroic John could face the combined forces of earth alone and proclaim his Redeemer, and yet that child of nature confined between prison walls, that eagle that soared so high, when brought to earth again doubted his own message and cried, "Art thou the Christ, or look we for another?" Elijah could stand alone for God on Carmel and sway back into the arms of the Almighty a nation in a day. He did a deed that stands alone in history and then ran from one woman, and under the juniper tree cried out, "Oh Lord, they have digged down thine altars and slain Thy prophets with the sword, and I only—I only —am left. Take away my life, oh Lord." Yes, even such mighty men as these will fall, not one excepted, from Carmel's heights to the very brink of despair, when the grave alone seems their only hope.

We might with much interest and profit dwell longer upon such characters. But let us now look at the other class, those who would rather follow, to which most of us belong. These are

they that crave sympathy rather than a desire to display their independence. These will not act or pass judgment on anything new until they know what another thinks. After all, what the majority of us want is sympathy. The poor man would rather the rich would enter his house and make himself at home there than to carelessly toss him his gift and turn away—yes, the world wants sympathy, not pity. Some ships are driven by a power within them, and some are driven entirely by the wind. So is it with the characters of men. Some seem strong within themselves ; others are influenced largely by environment. And yet a spirit of independence is really essential to accomplish much for God or humanity. Belief in three things is necessary to bring success in any true sense in life : belief in God, belief in one's self, and belief in the mission of one's life. If you cannot believe in the work you are at, get out of it and into something you can believe in, whether others do or not, and focus all the energies of your soul upon the accomplishment of your purpose, and whether others believe in you or not you will succeed.

"Let every man prove his own work, and then will he have rejoicing in himself alone and not in another."

In the truest sense of the word Jesus was a leader indeed and the most independent and original mind of history. And yet He belonged also to this second class, craving the sympathy of others. Not only was He *human* in body, hungry in the wilderness, thirsty on the cross, weary by the well, but *human* in soul as well, desiring friendships, angry with the Pharisees, weeping in the house of mourning. Hear Him say on the last night, to one who should have known Him best, "Have I been so long time with you and yet hast thou not known me, Philip?" And again the same night, it must have been almost with tears, He said, "But now I go my way to Him that sent me, and none of you asketh me, Whither goest Thou?" See Him that day in the crowd when many jostle Him on all sides, but there was one touch which for one moment cheered His lonely soul. "Who touched Me?" He said. "Why," they answer, "anyone might have touched you in this crowd." "No, no," He

said, "that is not what I mean; someone in this crowd believes in Me." We all know the touch of faith. The mother with her kiss can heal the hurt of her child; the doctor with his smile can bring benediction to the sick room, and it may be that Jesus, the Son of man, brought as much healing with his sympathy to the hearts and lives of men as His divine power ever brought to their bodies. A friend touches you on the shoulder in a crowd and you look back expecting to see a familiar face, though you knew not your friend was near. We all know the touch of a friend.

Notice the difference between Christ and John the Baptist. He chose no solitude for a home. Shortly after beginning His ministry He proceeded to choose His disciples, first spending all night in prayer. Friends had loved friends before, but He would teach them to love their enemies. He would teach His friends to be like their Father in heaven, who sends the rain on the just and the unjust. For a king to make friends of fishermen was a rare thing. Still Jonathan, a prince, had made a friend of a

shepherd, and in the midst of troublous times they had lived within their own souls a life of peace, the exile saved from despair, the prince shielded from the temptations of the court, because love reigned. The eyes of love see in others what the eyes of sense fail to see. In these fishermen Jesus saw the germs of greatness. Man's heart was made for love; He would love these men and manifest Himself unto them as not unto the world. Though His friendship drew them into the wilderness, He would point them to the Canaan beyond. All things that He heard of the Father He would make known unto them. He saw an infinite in man that could only be truly satisfied by the Infinite. Though men might doubt the existence of God, still He knew they needed him. Men sought for happiness everywhere; He would make them truly happy. Almost the first thing He did was to go to a marriage feast and make people happy. That is what He came into the world for—to put man right with God. He desired that men should have the "joy" that He had with the Father. "My *peace* I give unto you." His desire was

that the peace and harmony which existed between Himself and God should also exist between all men and God. How could this be accomplished? Not by a life of isolation. Oh, no, for like others he must be a man among men; not a partaker with them in their sins, yet sharing with them in their temptations.

Yes, early in His ministry He chooses His disciples to be continually with Him. To the world He spoke in parables, to these men plainly, and revealed unto them the secrets of His Father. With twelve such men with Him how then could it be true, what the prophet said of Him, "I have trod the wine-press alone and of the people there were none with Me?" Out of these twelve He had His inner circle of three, the three most congenial spirits; men He could take with Him on Mount Tabor and to whom He could there reveal His glory; or into the garden and there lean upon their human presence.

But even this inner circle does not satisfy His lonely soul. Out of this circle He has His beloved disciple, John, who lays his head

in His bosom, and hears the pulsations of His mighty heart; who when he writes his gospel starts, not where the other evangelists start, but away back of the creation, and says, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. . . . And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory as the glory of the only begotten of the Father." And when all the rest were dead and gone, it was John, on the Isle of Patmos, who, with a mighty heart responsive to the voice of his Master, received the greatest revelation ever given to mortal, as revealed in the last book of the Bible. What a mighty soul John must have had and what a friendship must have existed between him and his Master! He was the only one who ever seemed free enough to fondle Him; he was His Jonathan. With such a responsive soul near, whose very nature seemed to breathe of heaven, how could it be said of the Christ, "Of the people there were none with Me?"

But even the love of John satisfied Him not. A band of loving, confiding, affectionate women

continually ministered to His wants. How often we find Him seeking the home at Bethany where He could pour out His soul in loving response to the Bethany sisters. How tender, how confiding, how clinging! He is never boasting of independence, for He says, "Yet I am not alone, for My Father is with Me." But the prophet hath said of Him, "I have trod the wine-press *alone* and of the people there were *none* with Me." How can this be true of the man who was surrounded by twelve disciples, by three congenial spirits, by His gentle John, by loving women, and His Father with Him all the time?

Why was this man alone? Because He walked on a higher plane than all others. Others had died for friends, for country and for God, but His mission was new: He must die for His enemies. He belonged to no class. When Peter on the Mount put Him on a par with Moses and Elias, God instantly withdrew Moses and Elias from their presence. He had no peers. Other men had been great—none greater than John the Baptist. But even he

was not worthy to unloose Jesus' shoes. You might know something about the books of your library and very little about all the books that have been written ; you might know how far it is from the earth to the sun and very little about astronomy, just as your knowledge regarding the books of your library is, as compared with what some historian knows of all books that have been written ; just as your information regarding the distance of the sun from the earth is, as compared with what the astronomer knows, who has climbed the ladder of astronomy and measured the distances of the stars that revolve in space, so is the character of John or Moses or Elias, or any other man, as compared with the complex, comprehensive character of Jesus, the Son of man, where the human and the divine blended, the only man of whom God ever said, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased."

The Consoling Christ.

Plockhorst.

The Son of Man.

Cast thy care on Jesus,
Make Him now thy Friend;
Tell Him all thy troubles,
Trust Him to the end.
He is Man and Brother,
He is Lord and God,
And the way of sorrows
Is the path He trod.

Cast thy care on Jesus;
Nothing is too small
For His vast compassion,
He can feel for all.
In the gloom and darkness
Clasp His living hand,
He will guide and cheer thee
Through the desert land.

—*F. G. Scott*

CHAPTER II.

THE SON OF MAN.

JESUS was the Son of man, not of a man, not the offspring of any family, not the product of any nation, not the outcome of any age. No family, no nation, no generation, had any monopoly on Him. As well try to monopolize the sunlight. He was the Son of man; the common blood of humanity flowed through His veins. He is as much at home in China or Japan as in England, as much the possession of the African negro, or the North American Indian, as of the civilized white man.

He was human as we are, "touched with all the feelings of our infirmities," or else He is no Saviour. Human and divine, "the door" through which God was revealed to man and through which man must come to God. In Jesus the human was lived and the divine revealed. When Christ came, it was not to begin an exist-

ence but to reveal a life. He did what God had asked Adam to do. He lived a life of love with God and men. He did always those things that pleased His Father; and in His dying agony prayed for His enemies.

Adam had failed, the gates of Eden were closed, and the tree of life was guarded by the sword of justice and divine wrath. Jesus must open again the gates of Eden, the garden of innocence, and open also the way to the tree of life, though the sword of flame pierce His own soul. He must do, as a man, what God had asked Adam to do, or else God had demanded of Adam what could not be done.

Christ's humanity was perfect because it was all love. He loved men not because they were members of any class but because they were men. He loved Mary because she was a woman and not because she was His mother. At the beginning of His ministry, at Cana, and again at the close, on the cross, He called her woman, not mother. "Who is my mother, and my sister, and my brother?" During His life at Nazareth He called her mother, but how she was to Him

more—a woman. No doubt He was naturally drawn to some more than to others, but as man He stood alone, and loved all.

Men needed Him, though they rejected Him. Not only the Jew, but others, were looking for a much needed Saviour. Job had cried in his day, "I know if there is not someone to take my part, there ought to be—'I know that my Redeemer liveth. I know He shall stand upon the earth.'" The wise men of the East, and even Balaam, seem to have had a vision of this coming One. And many out of all nations seemed to believe that out of Israel would come a Redeemer who would save His people.

Son of God he was indeed—"The Eternal Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us." "He was in the world and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not." He could walk on the sea, still the tempest, heal the blind, cleanse the leper, raise the dead, and ascend to heaven. But if this were all, He need never have come. This shows His greatness, and commands our worship; but does it draw us to His heart? Yes, He was the Son of God, but

it is as the Son of man that we are specially attracted to Him. And as the Son of man let us here consider Him.

What is it that attracts us to people? Is it their talent, or genius, or greatness? Might we not be with such and be very uncomfortable in their presence? We go into some homes and almost immediately we feel at ease there, though no one apparently takes any notice of us; still we can go from parlor to kitchen and feel at home. We go into other houses where they fuss over us and are attentive, too attentive, yet we never feel at home there. Why is this? Because it is only with those who are congenial to us that we can feel easy. We go into church sometimes and see men and women who are good, we know they are, and yet we never want to come too near them. We would never think of confiding in them. On the other hand, we sometimes see among bad men those who seem to draw us to them. What attracts us to them? It is not their looks nor manner nor dress. It is that unexplainable something we call affinity of soul.

Jonathan loved David; he could not help it;

loved him even as his own soul. Why should a man love a boy? Why should a prince love a shepherd? Why should the heir to Israel's throne love his rival, the man who above all other men crossed his path? We cannot explain it, except that he was Jonathan and David was David. What draws us to people, anyhow? There must be something in common somewhere, some plane on which to meet. Are we attracted to Elijah on Carmel? Is it not rather to Elijah under the juniper tree? Does David killing the giant draw us to him? Do we not rather feel that he is more like us in the cave when he cries, "I shall now perish one day by the hand of Saul." We stand in awe looking on at Elijah on Carmel, but when we see him under the juniper tree we feel more at home with him. We stand in admiration of the shepherd hero, but it is to the doubting David in the cave that we are drawn. We realize that, after all, these are but men like ourselves.

So with Christ: as Son of God we worship Him; as Son of man we love Him. "Behold the man," said Pilate. Yes, behold the man.

He weeps at the grave of His friend. He is thirsty by Samaria's well, and hungry by the lake shore. Tired, He goes into a desert place to rest, and weary, sleeps on the stormy sea. He stops to think, when a woman asks Him a hard question. He turns anxiously to the grateful leper and cries, "Were there not ten cleansed? Where are the nine?" He would like to be appreciated in this world. Did nine go away and say nothing about it? In preaching He uses all the natural advantages, goes up on the mountain, or out on the water, so more can hear. And in the garden He asks again and again for human sympathy. How pathetic the words, "Could ye not watch with me one hour?" Yes, He is man. As the ocean mirrors every star and every tint of blue sky, so Jesus, the man, reveals God in universal love.

He is never so occupied with one set of duties that He cannot attend to another. On His way to heal Jairus' daughter He heals a woman with an issue of blood. Jairus may have cried, "Yes, Lord, that woman needs healing, but my daughter is dying." And yet may it not have

been that the sight Jairus witnessed, when the woman was healed, was intended to prepare his mind for the awful news, "Thy daughter is dead." He was always making the rough places smooth and the crooked places straight for those who loved Him.

Like the flower, absorbing from all the sources of nature, light, heat and moisture; or like the magnet attracting only that which is congenial; so Jesus walked the earth in spotless purity, before which the angels would have veiled their faces, and only the good, the needy and the pure were attracted to Him. But the self-righteous Pharisees had nothing in common with Him. They were austere, and Christ and Christianity had no attraction for them. But Jesus, tired of their sham and the hypocrisy of men, one day cried, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me." They wanted Him; they were drawn to Him. He was drawn to them. Their purity and innocence and naturalness made Him think of the garden of Eden, and of God's idea of manhood.

Some rebuked those who brought the children, as many do now. No sooner was the Babe of Bethlehem born than a king of this world sought to destroy His life. And no sooner is any babe born into this world than the king of this world, the prince of the power of the air, working in the children of disobedience, seeks its life to destroy it. Bring the children to Jesus; yes, the "little" children, for He loves them. He wants them, not only to save them, but their lives to bless in a world of sham and make believe. There is no gift, save eternal life, that God has to bestow upon man, greater than the privilege of dying for His Son. Every apostle was thus rewarded, but long before Stephen gave his life for His Master, the innocents of Bethlehem had died for the infant Jesus. And ever since that day children have been honored as never before, and it may be that in heaven the souls of these little martyrs are nearest the throne.

Yes, the spotless purity of Jesus had no attraction for the worldly Pharisee. He was not of this world; they were. But the children, the needy,

the helpless, the sick, the broken hearted, and the outcast were all drawn to Him. They felt the touch of His true sympathy. He knew His sheep, He could call them all by name, and His sheep also knew His voice. He knew them because He was human, and they knew Him because He was human. He knew men because He had studied them, and His great heart of love longed to bless them. Even the denial of Peter did not daunt Him. He believed Peter would still love Him. The strength of a river does not depend upon the quality of the soil it runs through, and the love of Jesus does not depend upon the weak hearts of the men He loves. As the ocean's tide affects every river and stream, so the heaving tide of His love flows into every avenue of our experience. Love is universal and is interested in all that is human, and humanity is the sphere of its activity. As the silent moonbeams, draw upon the bosom of the ocean, hurling the mighty tides along our continents' shores, though the strongest winds oppose, so Jesus, the Son of man, full of love and

sympathy, longing to bless a world that did not want Him, cries, "and I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."

O Thou ! who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee !

The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes are flown ;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

. . . . . .

Oh ! who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not Thy wing of Love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom
Our Peace branch from above?

Then sorrow, touched by Thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray ;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

—*Thomas Moore.*

Christ in the Temple.

Hoffman.

The Nazareth Home-Life.

"The Child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom: and the grace of God was upon him."—LUKE.

CHAPTER III.

THE NAZARETH HOME-LIFE.

LOOK at the childhood of Jesus, knocking at the door of a world that did not want Him. They crowded Him out the first night, and, though earth's Redeemer and heaven's King, He is born in a stable, His tender flesh wrapt in coarse swaddling clothes and laid in a manger. Herod seeks His life and "thrusts his sword into the nest, but the bird has flown." Knocking at the door of His Father's house He finds no welcome there. Is it much wonder the boy of twelve asked questions, this Son in His Father's house? Who brought these oxen here? Whence came these sheep and doves? Is this worshipping God? Is this what Moses and the prophets taught? He is in a strange world and He is alone.

Little is known of His childhood. "Only

one flower is thrown over the wall of the hidden garden." Still, little is known of any of the boys of the Bible or of secular history of that time. He was a boy like other boys. In the temple at twelve it was that His mind began to open to the reality of life, just as Samuel's did when God called him in the temple. It was here He began to think. His divinity never changed, but His humanity developed like other children. "He grew in wisdom." In the temple He is not only hearing but asking questions. In all probability He learned more from the doctors than they learned from Him. The human mind needs other human minds to develop it, as iron sharpeneth iron. The day Robinson Crusoe found his man "Friday" meant much more to him than the building of his "long boat." Man left to himself would again become a savage. No one can draw himself up by taking hold of his own boot-tops.

One great question that day in the temple must have been: How can the present condition of affairs be consistent with what Moses and the prophets taught? They were thinking of creeds

and forms of service, He of His Father's will and a right condition of the heart. Life at first is instinctive, then reflective. A babe will put a spoon into his mouth though never taught; but there comes a time when he begins to think for himself and ask questions. Why am I here? Where did I come from? Why have I to call that man "father" and that woman "mother"? What is it within me that says, "Do this," and "Don't do that"? Is there a God? Can I know Him? What would He have me do? Such questions are apt to come from any thoughtful boy when he begins to realize that, after all, life is not a dream. Jerusalem stirred the youthful mind of Jesus as Nazareth had not done. He is in His Father's house for the first time. It was here His soul seems first to have been stirred. Duty, destiny, mystery, all crowd in on His mind. There comes a time in every life when the child is in his Father's house for the first time, conversing with the doctors, when life ceases to be instinctive and becomes reflective.

A home is like a bird's nest: there comes a fledging time, when the birds must use their

wings. Few families can agree after the children begin to think for themselves. They develop in their own spheres, and diverge more and more. The dream ladder has come; the hand of God is on them; the question in their inmost soul is, "Should I not be about my Father's business?" Be careful, parents, that you silence not the whisper of the divine when the young soul of your child, like Samuel, first hears the heavenly voice. Every day is a new day, every life a new life, every soul a new soul. No one can map out another's life. Like Eli, send your young Samuel to God. He alone can teach and lead and direct the enquiring soul to its destiny.

His mother missed Him from their company. She returned to the temple perplexed indeed. It is a serious moment in any mother's life when her boy for the first time seems not to want to obey her. Why these three days of sorrow? Was it foreshadowing the other three days when the cloud of the cross hung over her soul? She finds Him with the doctors and in the temple, a good place to find a boy. She makes her com-

plaint. He looks at her in surprise. It may be that He had never thought of how His tarrying behind would affect her. It is not likely He had thought of it at all, He was so taken up with the new things He had seen and heard. "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" His business is surely here in God's house. She must learn that God has the first claim on Him—a lesson that every mother ought to learn. But He returns with her to domestic toil again and truly to His Father's business.

Adam had worked before he fell. His Father worked hitherto, and He would work. It is as wonderful that He should be a carpenter as a worker of miracles. It is as wonderful that electricity should hold together the atoms of a dew-drop as that it should flash in the lightnings of heaven. In obscurity and simplicity He toiled on, with no flattery to mar His character. He was a working man, and thus stamped all labor with dignity.

He learned as other men do. "The Bible, man and nature were His books." His childhood

could have been marked by nothing extraordinary, as was shown later in the unbelief of His brethren and His townsmen. Like other prophets He was never popular in His own town. He learned obedience that He might teach it. How could He teach children to obey their parents if He did not obey His? He went through all the experiences of boys. When a man one day He asked, "Which one of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature?" No doubt when a boy He had the experience of all boys when they wish they were men, yet entirely helpless in obtaining that desire. If He was born of a woman He could be taught by one. And no doubt He who had learned from the doctors in the temple, many a time during those eighteen years had asked his mother and others many a question and learned much from their answers.

Joseph likely died shortly after Jesus' visit to Jerusalem, for we never hear of him again. And Jesus being the eldest son, the care of the home and family would fall naturally to the lot of Him and His mother, in which case an attach-

ment more than usual would be formed between mother and son. No doubt her pure character had a wonderful influence on His constantly developing mind, and may have had much to do in forming within Him that kindliness of disposition that He afterwards showed toward all women. He always befriended the woman, and never once do we read of His censuring her. They all seemed to love Him. Do we anywhere read of a woman being His enemy? Did any woman cry, "Crucify Him?" Pilate's wife, a Gentile and a heathen, pleaded for His life.

At no time in the world's history was woman so downtrodden as when Christ lived on earth. He exalted her wherever He found her. What a woman Mary Magdalene became because of His love for her and interest in her! Think of a woman possessed of seven devils, and living in such an age, becoming a personal friend of the Christ, and the one chosen by Him to first tell a lost world that He had risen from the dead! Think of His calling her whom He met by Sychar's well, "woman!"—the very way He addressed His own mother. He believed in her,

and by thus addressing her awakened again all the womanhood in her, and so transformed her life that before night she convinced half that city that He was the Christ, though no one that morning would have taken her word on anything. If we would influence others to a better life, or inspire them to higher and holier things, we must believe in them. Until others are convinced that we believe in them they will never respond to our influence. And notice, Jesus did not call this water-carrier by the name of "woman" until she was convinced that He was at least a prophet. He saw that if the world was ever to be lifted up again, woman must do it; and wherever His gospel has been preached she has been exalted and has lifted the world a little nearer heaven. Every woman should love Him. There are women in this country who will have nothing to do with Jesus. They will not have Him to reign over them. And yet if it had not been for Him and His gospel, this fair land would to-day be wrapt in heathen darkness and every woman debased in the eyes of men.

"Not she, with traitorous kiss, her Saviour stung ;
(Luke xxii. 47, 48.)
Not she denied Him with unholy tongue ;
(Matt. xxvi. 69-75.)
She, while apostles shrank, could danger brave ;
(Matt. xxvi. 56.)
Last at the cross, and earliest at the grave."
(Matt. xxvii. 55, 56 ; xxviii. 1.)

Jesus had sisters too. They were younger than He was. How affectionate this Brother must have been toward those little sisters! There were at least six children in that home besides Himself, and, being the eldest, the burden and toil necessary to support that family would naturally fall chiefly on Him. Think of Him as a brother in that home. No doubt He loved them all, and regarded each one with special care, yet we have nothing to show us that they ever loved Him. It may be that the weary hours He spent in this home caused Him to utter the bitter cry, later in life, that "a man's foes are those of his own household." From what we know of the unbelief manifested toward Him in His own town and among His own family, we would naturally infer that during those years of necessary toil, and surrounded

by such an uncongenial atmosphere, He must have been very lonely. Probably it was during those long years of waiting that He formed the habit of spending the night in prayer and lonely solitude, driven there from a home and from a town where none understood Him. A carpenter's son and a carpenter Himself, it is not likely that during those years He made any claim to being anything above the ordinary. But during those weary days of toil he was true to each passing duty and learned many a lesson which proved helpful to Him later as a teacher and leader. "Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings, he shall not stand before mean men."

In many a home there is a dreamer whose soul turns toward the truth as a flower turns toward the light. A misunderstood one, living a crushed life, who, like Job, with bleeding heart cries for an avenger ; whose chief sorrow is that no soul breathes in unison with his own. We might help such a one if we would, and bring joy to the lonely heart as Solomon did to Sheba's Queen. There is a persecution sharper than the

knife, which wounds deeper than the sword, and it were better for you a millstone had been hanged about your neck than that you should by a cold laugh, or sneer, or galling suspicion, pour bitterness into the heart that God is bruising. Remember, when your persecution sent that crushed soul to pour out his grief before God, your name went up as the oppressor to the avenger's ears.

Yes, Josephs there are in many a home. God in His mercy took Joseph and put him in the dark prison of Egypt, where he was happier than in that home of discord. The dreamer must battle *alone*, and of the people there will be none with him. Alone in that prison the tempter must often have whispered to him that his brothers were right and that he was wrong for having ever counted on his dreams. But even here he was not without sunshine: when his brothers hated his father loved; in slavery he was trusted, and in prison he had the respect of the other prisoners. Sorrow is essential, not a mere chance experience, but the very warp in the tapestry of life. Before a man dies almost

every nerve has been thrilled with agony, and every affection has been wounded; and a character developed in God's school of sorrow, is more to be desired than exemption from pain.

Joseph never allowed the darkness about his life to enter his heart. It is possible always for a man to be above his dark surroundings; it is never far from sadness to joy. Joseph came out unhurt, with no fault-finding of the cruelty of relations on his lips, with no scepticism of man's integrity or woman's honor rankling in his heart. A man's own meanness, not another's, dishonors him. Others can injure us only in so far as they influence us to do the things we should not have done. We rob them of their power if we leave them more sweet and forgiving than before.

All sorrow is intended for the development of the soul life, made perfect through suffering. The cross, revealing as it does the necessity of the highest Life, alone interprets the discipline of suffering. Joseph was subject to all the bitterness that usually sours the affections and poisons the mind. Byron and Swift come out

of the school of sorrow only to poison the very atmosphere around them with doubt and hatred; Joseph, subject to slander, ingratitude, envy and injustice, comes out sweet and forgiving. A rainbow in the morning indicates foul weather, but a rainbow in the evening shows that the storms are past. And so in the life of Joseph and many other such dreamers, "a cloudy morning often brings a pleasant day." The life of David was a grand illustration of this truth, and history is full of such characters.

Isaac Barrow, the great scientist, was called a dunce when a boy. His father used to say if it pleased God to take any of his children he hoped it would be Isaac. Lord Clive's parents sent their boy to India because they thought him no good at home, and a few years later, when the name of the conqueror was sounded throughout the land, the old man turned to his wife and said, "Well, wife, after all that booby has sense." Fathers and mothers take care! Don't you know that many of the greatest geniuses have been reckoned dunces at school. A great humorist has quaintly said, "An early

cabbage don't head well." A great military teacher once said that there were two classes of boys came to his school. One class seemed bright at first, and he put them down for bugle boys; the other class were slow beginners, and he put them down to be leaders of men. There may be some crushed one even in your home whom God is leading out to mighty deeds.

We have no more pathetic story in history than the sad tale of Joan of Arc, that peasant girl, that dreamer, in whose heavenly mission no one believed, and with whom no one sympathized. Her family and the villagers near her home thought she was crazy, but she made her way to the King of France and told him her story. More because of the novelty than of his belief in her or her mission, he let her lead his armies. Then that poor, despised, broken-hearted girl, with no soul on earth breathing in unison with her own, led the armies of France to battle and victory, overthrowing the power of England and redeeming her country, though she was put to death shortly after. Surely she "trod her winepress alone" as the flames kindled

about her and her prayer ascended in the flame, "Lord Jesus receive my spirit." Truly she was one "of whom the world was not worthy."

Let us now look again into the home of Jesus the lonely—the misunderstood One, a dreamer indeed. But He has a mother who sympathizes and at least partly understands, and the attachment between mother and son grows deeper and deeper as the years go by. In His moments of loneliness was she no help or inspiration to Him? Oh, yes; though she never completely understood Him, yet she continually pondered in her own heart all things concerning Him, anxiously waiting the fulfilment of God's promise.

Mary knew some things about Him no one else knew. His wonderful birth, the angels' song, the shepherds' visit, the worship of the wise men, and the adoration of Simeon in the temple: all these things she pondered trying to unravel the mystery. She herself was a marvellous woman, but only a woman; yet a woman that knew an angel's voice when she heard it. She refused not the honor of becoming the mother of God's Son

Neither was she elated at all, and never did she boast of it. Silently she kept all in her own heart. God made no mistake when He chose her to confer upon her the greatest honor ever conferred upon any woman. Whether she ever told Him of those things we do not know. No doubt she taught Him to pray and to read the Bible, and often related to Him, like any Jewish mother, the interesting stories of the history of her people. She may have often tried to explain to Him the problem of life, of how to live and how to die, though she saw but through a glass darkly herself. At any rate He came from that home trained and taught in such a way as to make Him the greatest preacher of the ages. His sermon on the Mount, full of practical truth, that touched home and social life in all its varied forms, was most likely the outcome of eighteen years' experience, observation, and meditation. And the world marvelled; though Mary, watching that life for thirty years, may have partly understood. She had watched Him gradually develop: as a babe, as a boy, as a son and brother, as a citizen, and now as Master and

Teacher. Quietly his preparation went on, like the silent sunbeams which melt the snow on the mountain peaks, and unlock the glacier giving birth to the mighty river. So God's whisper to Adam, to Enoch, to Noah, to Abraham, to Moses, to David, and to all the prophets is now being repeated to this man of Nazareth in His quiet solitude, and He must soon burst forth as the grandest character and greatest life of history.

Nazareth was a wicked place. During those years of waiting, the need of man's redemption would be impressed more and more upon Him. And it is probable that during this time Jesus had annually visited Jerusalem and knew well the condition of affairs there. His heart must have often burned with indignation at the sham and hypocrisy of the priesthood. He had heard that in the wilderness a great preacher was attracting much attention, and that he was on every hand denouncing the sins of the people. All this would naturally enthuse His own brave spirit with a desire to enter upon His life work. At last the day came; and though He may have spent many lonely hours in that home,

still it was His home and His mother loved Him. She had cheered Him in His loneliness and encouraged Him in His trials; but now He must leave her, and, as never before, face the cold world alone.

See Him laying aside His carpenter's tools and going to Mary. He places His hand on her shoulder as she sits with open Bible by the table. "Mother," He says. He has often said it before, but there seems something different in His tone now. "What is it?" she says with upturned gaze. "I am going to leave you, mother," He says. "Why, my son, what is the matter? What have I done?" she replies. "You have done nothing, mother. You have been the best of mothers to me, but mine hour is come." See that mother as she rises and clasps that son in her arms. Can she part with Him? Will He leave her? Oh, what can His words mean—"Mine hour is come"? See them as they stand locked in each other's embrace—earth and heaven united: the purest woman God ever made and the noblest Man. But He breaks away. Look! see the scalding

tears flow down His face as He goes out into a dark, cold, sinful world, *alone.*

He makes his way to the Jordan, where John is preaching. To the astonishment of all, the countenance of that fearless preacher, who had never flinched before priest or king undergoes a sudden change, and his voice becomes as tender as a woman's, as with outstretched hand he points to the Christ and cries, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world!" What had happened? Who was this stranger? What could the preacher mean? He enters the water, and the bold prophet who had never shrunk from duty before, hesitates. Dare he baptise the Son of the Most High? Jesus had not sinned, but if He had He would have repented and been baptised by John. He had come, not to destroy the law and the prophets, but to fulfil, and to complete the work of John. In His act of submitting to John's baptism He endorsed all John was doing. In a moment a light from heaven shone forth and the Spirit, like a dove, descended and rested upon Him,

and God's testimony was heard, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." What! is this then our long-expected Messiah? Is this our Redeemer? Is this our King? Will He not now proclaim Himself?

Temptation.

Hoffman.

The Wilderness.

"There hath no temptation taken you but such as is *common* to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make *a way of escape*, that ye may be able to bear it."—PAUL.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WILDERNESS.

FOR days the minds of the people were filled with vague questionings, and the wonderful scene first enacted in Jordan was rehearsed over and over again by the daily-increasing multitudes that still flocked to hear this preacher of the desert. But in vain they look daily for the return of the One who was to be their Redeemer, their King. Whither had He departed? Surely this was He of whom the prophets spake. Would He not show Himself to them again? But even John knew not whence He came nor whither He had gone.

The same Spirit that was present at His baptism had now driven Him into the wilderness. Why? God does not baptise men with His Spirit for rest, but for service. Alone for forty days, and in possession of a new power, the conflicting ideas of His mind seem to have so

engaged His attention that He does not think of eating. He must now face the world, not as God but as man. In the wilderness *alone*—no beauty of nature to relieve the monotony, the wild beasts about Him untamed. The foxes had holes, the birds of the air had nests—He had not where to lay His head: no mother now to smooth down His pillow, no watchful sister's care—in that cheerless desert, ALONE!

Adam began his work in a garden and made that garden a wilderness. Jesus, the man, begins His work in a wilderness and works onward toward Eden. What must have been the awful experiences of those forty days of solitude! Moses and Elijah had both lived for forty days without food. He would do the same. The devil knew man could do that, so did not tempt Him to eat until after forty days: "and *after* forty days He was an hungered." If He were the Son of God he could make stones into bread, but as Son of man He must not. Adam had gratified the present moment, in eating forbidden food to please self. But the mission of His life would be to overcome self and please God.

The worst that could happen to Him was His Father's will for Him, and His Father loved Him. His Father cared for the birds, gave homes to the foxes, and clothed the lilies. Would He not surely care for Him? He could suffer, He could die of hunger, but to yield to selfishness He would not, and the temptation is hurled aside.

The devil sees he has met his match. Notice, he does not oppose Him or try to get Him to give up His work. But he will mislead Him if he can. Jesus is willing to die, and seems to glory in His trust in the Father, so Satan suggests His throwing Himself from the pinnacle of the temple. This would show His confident trust in God, and His willingness to die. It would also create prestige for Him among the people. Will He yield here? No. The sword of the Spirit is again drawn. It is written, "thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." If Jesus had yielded to this temptation He would have tempted God, for God had never promised to protect anyone who would thus foolishly throw himself from the pinnacle of the temple. Christ's

kingdom was not to come by observation. The devil had misapplied the promise.

Jesus knew the awful condition of the religious life of His people at that time. He knew their expectations and the kind of King they were looking for. Were they likely to accept His claims? He could hardly expect they would. Would it not then, suggests Satan, be better to accept the standard of the people's expectation and proclaim yourself King. They are now awaiting you by the Jordan. The multitudes increase to hear John and to enquire about Him whom they expect to be their King. They wonder at His long absence, they are ready to crown Him, and march into Jerusalem. Here is your opportunity to establish a kingdom, to gain the power, to conquer the world. Then, surrounded by a power and glory greater than that of Solomon, you will be in a position to do your people good, and to establish righteousness and truth throughout the earth. This appeared a very desirable thing; this, no doubt, was the greatest temptation of the three.

But Solomon, in the midst of all his glory,

had cried, "all is vanity," and his kingdom had crumbled to the earth. That was not the kind of king Jesus wished to be. He wished to rule in the kingdom of truth and love. His faith was like a grain of mustard seed. Could men ever be taught to love? Would the time ever come when the law of Moses could be written in two commandments, and when love would be the fulfilment of the whole law? Would a selfish world ever listen to such teaching, or let such a king reign? They might reject Him, but even if they did, might not the stone refused sometime become the head of the corner? Throwing the subtle temptation aside, and with the voice of authority commanding the tempter to depart, He determined, though He stood alone, to live on this earth a life of love, and teach men to do so, knowing that some day, in His Father's own time, the mustard seed should become a mighty tree—that love should reign in the world.

Yes, He would be a king, but a king in His own way. A king in the realm of truth—a king such as the world did not want but really

needed. Satan had met at last a *man* more than his match, and had been compelled to retreat, leaving Him still unspotted and untainted. Satan knew the Son of God, knew Him probably before his own fall. But whence came this "Son of man?" Satan trembles and hell is shaken. Is the contest over? Is the battle won?* Oh, no! the signal for the conflict has just been given, and hell is let loose. Had God possessed a man? Satan would possess men. Do we ever read of men being possessed of the devil at any other time as they were during those three years that followed? It would seem as if all hell were brought to earth and let loose to destroy this one man, upon whose breast the fiercest temptations might dash only to fall back again broken to pieces like waves against a mighty rock.

Why was Jesus thus tempted? Why is any man tempted? Why does God permit it? Such questions are apt to come up in the minds of us all. One thing we know, all are tempted; there is no escape, on the mountain or on the sea, in the busy crowd or in the solitude of the desert. Temptation is as old as the human race. No

sooner was God's command given in Eden "Not to Eat" than the tempter whispered "Eat." Satan knew he was ruined and his case hopeless, knew his doom was only a matter of time. For the time allotted to him he would busy himself warring against heaven. In Eden one day he finds a creature, made in the image of God and unlike any he has ever seen before in hell or earth. With jealous eye Satan beholds him. Who was this creature—man? From whence did he come? What could the purpose of God be? He knew not, but that day he determined that man, too, should fall, and that God's purpose should be thwarted. How subtle his first attack! "Now God does not really mean what He says,—'Ye shall not surely die,'" and man in his innocence, blinded by the tempter, yields and his eyes are opened. Let none sit in judgment on this act of Adam's, for are not all guilty of the same sin? Does not temptation ever blind our eyes, and guilt alone opens them? When tempted we imagine we can go through the stream dryshod, and afterwards we wonder we were not drowned in the flood. But why are we tempted? For our own good, no doubt

and in God's great day of explanation we may know. Every house needs a foundation, and every great life-work needs preparation. Slavery and the prison preceded Joseph's prosperity. David's wanderings prepared him for his throne, and here in this wilderness Jesus is being prepared for His great life-work.

Original characters are never understood, and usually opposed. And when He should go out of the wilderness to face a world, to live a human life as it should be lived, He knew all eyes would be upon Him, none would understand, few would sympathize and many would oppose. Yet knowing all this He dared to go forth on His royal mission, willing to meet the opposition of foe or friend alike, willing to be misunderstood and to be called an impostor, never stopping to explain a seeming inconsistency, willing to live a life alone, and, in the end, to die, if so be the world through Him might be saved. "He trod the winepress alone, and of the people there were none with Him."

Cleansing the Temple.

Hoffman.

True Kingship.

Be strong in the Lord, tho' surrounded by foes :
Be true to your King, tho' all hell shall oppose ;
He'll conquer their legions, He'll vanquish their throng;
The Lord is our Captain, He leads us along.

. . . . . .

Oh Lion of Judah, lead on in this fight,
Till foes are all conquered and banished from sight ;
The last battle fought and the last vict'ry won,
Then, Saviour, receive us and crown us Thine own.

—*Rev. W. W. Clark, D.D.*

CHAPTER V.

TRUE KINGSHIP.

A MAN is only as strong as he is when alone. What he can do then is the test of his strength. We cannot see the grains of sand in the flowing stream, but dip out a glassful and let it stand and soon the sand will be seen at the bottom. A man's weaknesses are not discovered during his hour of great achievement, but during his hour of loneliness. We cannot measure Elijah on Carmel, inspired by the mighty hosts surrounding him; we must measure him under the juniper tree. We cannot measure David before Goliath, with the magnetic power of two armies on him; we must measure him in the cave when he cried, "There is but a step betwixt me and death." We cannot measure Napoleon at the head of his "Imperial Guard"; we must measure him at St. Helena.

But when we measure Jesus in the hour of triumphal entry into Jerusalem, and in the hour of His deepest loneliness, we find Him ever the same—always a King. He was a King when He withstood Satan in the wilderness; He was a King when He overthrew the tables of the money changers; He was a King when His would-be captors fell prostrate before Him; He was a King even when, girt with a towel, He washed the feet of His disciples.

He would teach a world how a king should rule. The gift of the Holy Ghost at His baptism was given to Him "without measure," and by this power must His work be done. True He was divine and the Father that dwelt in Him did the works, wrought the miracles by Him to convince the world that He indeed was the Son of the Highest and the long-looked-for Redeemer. But never once was that power used for a selfish purpose or to relieve a pain of His own. Even on the cross He would take no vinegar. He would drink His Father's cup and not let one drop trickle down the side untasted.

He had a purpose in living and a definite plan

in His life. Nothing could tempt Him from it. He resented all interference, whether coming from His enemies, His kinsfolk or His disciple Peter. How often we hear Him say, "Mine hour is not yet come." His eye was on the goal, where it remained till He cried, "It is finished." Even those who understood Him best but faintly comprehended the true meaning of His mission. The Pharisee failed to see why a great Teacher should choose fishermen for His disciples, and mingle constantly with the poor and the outcast; or how a Jew could break the Sabbath day and eat with unwashed hands. The seventy, disappointed, leave Him. His brethren could not understand Him. One day they undertook to advise Him. "Depart hence and go into Judea that Thy disciples also may see the works that Thou doest. For there is no man that doeth anything in secret and he himself seeketh to be known openly. If Thou doest these things, show Thyself to the world." They could not see how He could ever become King by keeping so quiet about the miracles He did. One day His own family thought he was "beside Himself,"

and feared their home would be disgraced. The mob heard Him say He was a King and marvelled that He would never allow Himself to be placed on the throne. His own disciples were continually standing in His way, and once even to Peter He had to say, "Get thee behind me, Satan," and that, too, right after that disciple's bold confession, "Thou art the Christ."

"What would Jesus do?" Well it would be hard to say, for no one knew when He was here what He would do. He always seemed to do the thing they thought He would not do. How often His cleverest enemies turned away and marvelled at what He said and did! Even His disciples never knew what to expect. They wondered at Him talking with a Samaritan woman. There is always a power in doing the unexpected. In the contest it will never do to let our opponent know what we will do. David killed the giant with sling and stone, but never tried it again; Samson never tried the jaw-bone a second time; the ram's horns of Joshua worked once because never heard in Canaan before; Gideon used his lamps and pitchers but

once; and Shamgar never tried his ox-goad again. The Pharisees were bound to stay by the old things and make, if they could, the form of church service stereotyped. But Christ never conducted two meetings the same way. With Him God was everywhere present: on the mountain, by the seashore, in the desert, or on the street; it mattered not to Him. The more formalism there is about a church service the less power—"where the spirit of the Lord is there is liberty."

Christ never talked to two individuals in the same way. To Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews, He said, "Ye must be born again." But of the woman at the well He asked a drink. Formality never controlled an action of His. His passion was love. He loved this woman, and began His conversation with her where she could begin, and before He got through preached the new birth to her as truly as He did to Nicodemus. To the rich young ruler He said, "Go sell all you have and give to the poor." But to the disciples He said, "Except ye become as little children ye shall not

enter the kingdom." This to them must be the new birth ; they must pass through the door of humility, while the rich young ruler must enter by unselfishness and kindness. His preaching was not like that of any other man. In the Sermon on the Mount He said a great many practical things that touched men's hearts, and consciences, and lives, and all who heard were astonished at His *sayings:* "He taught as one having authority."

He may have been educated by the scribes, and yet His teachings seemed to clash with all others of His time. "He was like a palm tree growing in the desert." He grew from within. He handled Moses and the prophets with a free hand. For four thousand years God had been speaking to men through patriarch, priest and prophet ; but when Jesus came He taught in its perfection what they had taught but in the germ. And even John, the greatest of them all, faded before Him like the morning star before the rising sun.

He knew what was in man, both good and bad, and never committed Himself to anyone.

He could unroof the hearts of the Pharisees and lay bare their darling sins, yet never become entangled in their questions. He was always master of Himself. He was a King. He explained no apparent inconsistency. Only a weakling is continually prefacing every act with an apology. But He dared to say: "I do always those things that pleaseth my Father." "Which of you convinceth me of sin?" In God's sight He knew His life was in harmony with the Divine plan and will. So He battled on, knowing that what He taught was best for man, and that the truth He lived was eternal. The world might reject Him, men might kill Him, still He knew the truth He lived and taught would live on, and He believed it would some day be accepted by the world. "He trod the winepress alone, and of the people there were none with Him."

Yes, He was really *alone*, for in a world of selfishness and sin He lived a life of purity and love. None had done it, none were doing it. But He believed that love would redeem the race. Man to Him, even wrecked and ruined

by the fall, was still priceless. No matter under what disease or deformity the pearl was hidden, His eyes of love saw it. He was the man that saw the field wherein there was a treasure, a pearl of great price. The field was the world; the treasure, the pearl, was lost man, and "He came to seek and to save that which was lost," and for the joy thereof He sold all that He had and purchased the field. For the joy that was set before Him He endured the cross, despising the shame. He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor, and made Himself of no reputation, that He might redeem the field, and with His own blood purchase the treasure, the pearl of great price, and bring the soul of man back into harmony with God, that man through His poverty might be rich. None saw the pearl but Himself. Even the angels desired to look into the things He was doing. In Zaccheus He sees a son of Abraham. And in the woman of Samaria He sees after all a *woman*, though His disciples would have passed her by, for they marvelled that He would speak with her. Yet He poured into her soul the living water, and

she became a bold messenger for His kingdom.

Let me repeat once again to every dreamer—believe in God, in yourself, and in your mission, whether anyone else does or not. Scientists tell us that every atom in the universe, no matter how dense the substance, is surrounded by an atmosphere of its own. And is it not also true as regards yourself? Are there not a thousand and one things about your own inner life that no one can ever know? After all, must not "every man bear his own burden." Even your most intimate friend cannot know all. Yes, the battlefields of the soul—the encounters, the conflicts, the victories, the defeats, that take place there, are witnessed by no eye but your own. You must fight on alone. If you do not believe this now you will when you come to the end, when your soul passes down through the chilly Jordan to the border of the eternal world. The real life within you will then be revealed. If righteous it will shine forth like Christ on Tabor, but if unrighteous you will tremble like a Belshazzar. All human faces will flit and flee; your nearest friend cannot avail. And then, if under-

neath you are not the "everlasting arms," you will tread your winepress alone: and of the people there will be none with you. You will see then, if never before, that you are alone; therefore, learn now that you are alone; alone you must enter your wilderness of temptation; alone you must pass through your Gethsemane; alone you must climb your Calvary. Yes, you must, indeed, tread your winepress alone, as did your Redeemer. Was He not terribly alone on that last night, when, forsaken by every friend, He stood a prisoner in Pilate's judgment hall accused of sedition and blasphemy? But was He not then in truth, in majestic dignity, a King, confident in God, in Himself, and in His mission?

See Him as He stands before Pilate, His garments stained with tears and with blood, and yet a King—"for this purpose was I born that I might witness to the truth." He did not witness to the truth because He was a King, but because He witnessed to the truth He was a King. He borrowed His ideas from no man, He stood alone among the prophets. Moses said, "Thus saith the Lord"; others said, "the

word of the Lord came unto me" ; but He spoke as if His own eyes had looked upon eternal things. He created nothing; He simply witnessed to truth, or told the world of things already existing. To kill Him would alter no fact, destroy no truth. To burn the map of Canada does not affect Canada. To destroy all the Bibles in the world would not destroy one single truth. The map of Canada created nothing, the Bible created nothing. Each is only a revelation of things already created. So is the life of Jesus. He was a witness. He saw truth everywhere. He told men to look at the sower, the shepherd, the husbandman, the mustard seed, the lily, the leaven that a woman took, the sparrow that fell to the earth, and He revealed to them the truth He saw. He saw God and truth everywhere and in every thing. "Blessed are the pure in heart," He said, "for they shall see God." He wanted men to look and to see it, and to believe it, not because He said it, but because it was there, because it existed, and because it was true. Heaven and earth might pass, but with Him an existing truth was eternal. All real

success in anything depends upon being true to truth. The farmer that sows his grain cannot make it grow. Sowing the grain does not make the sun shine nor the rain fall; but, knowing that the sun will shine and the rain fall, he sows and reaps a harvest—"the substance of things hoped for." The carpenter must obey the law of the plumb-line and the square or his building will fall.

Yes, Christ was a King, because He witnessed to truth. Every man who witnesses to truth and tells the world a new thing is a king in the realm of truth. Every man in some sense is original and sees some things no one ever saw before. Men are interpreters between God and men, and between men and men. They are here in this world to learn, to look, to listen, to report what they see and hear; to be Josephs interpreting Pharaoh's dreams; to be Philips, reading truth correctly for others; to be Jonathans, strengthening their David's hands in God. Water ran down hill and light was reflected and refracted before Newton told the world the reasons; he learned himself and reported his obser-

vation. The earth went round the sun before Galileo said so. There was as much electricity in the world when Adam was here as there is now, but Edison has told us what Adam failed to tell us. Edison, Galileo and Newton witnessed to the truth, each in his own realm; and though they never sat on thrones, yet in the eyes of their Maker they are kings, and in the realm of truth they rule the minds of men. If we but look and learn and tell to others what we see, we can all rule somewhere—every mother in her home, every boy among his playmates, every teacher in his school, every preacher among his people. What a privilege! What a duty! Every inventor, every discoverer, every reformer, every genius, every original mind of history who has ever witnessed to truth and told the world something new, is in a real sense a king. Jesus witnessed to truth, and lived truth, and was Himself truth, and to Him has been given a name above every name, and His throne is prepared in the heavens, and His kingdom ruleth over all. He made of His disciples witnesses, witnesses to truth, and in the truest sense they have sat on the twelve thrones

of Israel for two thousand years, reigning as kings and priests before God

Now to do this a man must necessarily tread the winepress alone. Many geniuses and inventors and reformers have been thought to be crazy. When Watt got his first idea of the power of steam he also got his ears boxed for fooling with the kettle. When Stevenson told the House of Parliament in England he could use steam in locomotion they laughed at him in derision and drove him out. Morse, who gave us the telegraph, and Fulton, the steamboat, were both thought to be fools by those who knew them.

Look at poor Columbus. No one believed in him or in his mission. From throne to throne in Europe he tells his story, until almost broken-hearted he at last presents his case to Isabella of Spain, who, more out of sympathy for him than because of any faith in his mission, gives him three ships. See the spectators as they laugh at him as he leaves the shores of the old world. Weeks and months pass, but there is no sign of land. Then his

crew mutiny and threaten to bind him for a fool and take him back to Europe. But he cries, "There is land over the western wave, give me yet three days." And for the next three days we see him standing on the forecastle of his ship. At midnight of the third day he shouts, "Land ahead," and he gives the race a new world. But he had to tread his winepress alone to do it; and Paul might have added, in the eleventh of Hebrews, if he were writing it to-day, "By faith Columbus discovered America"; for it was as truly an act of faith as any of the deeds of sacred story.

Yes, a man must believe in himself and tread his winepress alone if he would witness to truth and give the world a new thing. There is a great difference between the force of a combined Protestantism and the heroism of a Luther; between the force of organized Methodism and the brave Wesley; and a vast difference between the united forces of Christianity to-day and the heroic and lonely Jesus. How pathetic the words, "He came unto His own and His own received Him not." Behold Him

weeping over the city He came to redeem. The seventy leave Him; turning to the twelve He cries, "Will ye also go? Will you leave me too?" They boast their loyalty, but in the trial hour they are scattered, every man to his own and He is left *alone*. He had loved His own and loved them to the end, but His own forsook Him, and, before the judgment seats of this world, "He trod the winepress alone, and of the people there were none with Him."

"Many the conflicts thro' which my Lord passed;
He came to redeem my soul:
Ended His sorrowful journey at last;
He died to redeem my soul.

"Altar and victim and priest to atone;
He came to redeem my soul:
Treading the winepress of vengeance alone;
He died to redeem my soul."

Jesus was true to truth, though He stood alone. Job's comforters *spoke* truth, but Jesus *lived* truth and was Himself the truth, and because He was true He perished at the hands of

sinful men, and to all who will follow Him let me say, life will not be all sunshine, the world will not always sympathize and cheer you on. You will not always find, like Joseph's brethren, your coin returned to you in your sack. You may find that the price of being true to God and to yourself will be the cross, not success, for it takes less time in this world to become rich than to become heavenly-minded. Conflicts you will have. There are greater battlefields than Waterloo, and you may often cry, "Would God night or Blucher would come!" But you live in your heavenly Father's world, therefore be at home and learn like Job to say, "*My* Redeemer," and trust your all to Him who alone can save, who alone can deliver. Your one duty in this world is to be true—true to God, true to yourself, and true to your own convictions. Do this and you will always be about your "Father's business." You may sometimes have to stand alone, but remember truth is eternal; and every time you are true yourself and true to truth you are building

within you that house not made with hands, and laying a stone in the temple of your God.

"Nothing useless is below,
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

"For the structure that we raise
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

"Truly shape and fashion these,
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.'

—*Longfellow.*

Easter Morning.

Tojetti.

The Empty Sepulchre.

From heaven He came—He loved you—He died :
Such love as His never was known ;
Behold on the cross your King crucified,
To make you an heir to His throne.

—J. M. Whyte.

Up from the grave He arose,
With a mighty triumph o'er His foes ;
He arose a Victor from the dark domain,
And He lives forever with His saints to reign :
He arose ! Hallelujah ! Christ arose !

—Rev. R. Lowry.

CHAPTER VI.

THE EMPTY SEPULCHRE.

TO give the world a new thought, a new conception of truth, was the mission of Jesus. And, think of it! He had but three years to accomplish His work, and remember how young He was. If anyone ever saw the need of living on, He did, but He submitted to the will of His Father. In His prayer in the garden the temptation may not have been to have the cup taken away, but to have it pass on for a few years; for His work seemed in but poor shape to leave in the hands of twelve fishermen. Was there ever such a prayer offered by man before as when that "Man of Sorrows" for three hours bore up the bosom of this world into the very heavens? Alone! yes, alone! The disciples are near, but they guard Him not; they sleep, and let the traitor lead His foes upon their Master. "Whom seek ye?" He cries,

"If ye would slay the shepherd spare the sheep." Where is the boasting Peter? Sleeping! Where is the trusted Judas? Standing by, ready to betray! Can he do it? He looks into the face of the Man who, a few hours before, had ridden in triumph into the city. Can this be the same face? What anguish is depicted there! Judas raises his torch full in His Master's face, when, look! what is that he sees? Blood! Drops of blood? Great drops of blood! Oh, Judas, forbear! But he reaches forward, when on the lips he would kiss he sees blood, drops of blood! He must surely have shut his eyes to have betrayed his Lord with a kiss. Denied, betrayed, forsaken, even by His friends, led like a lamb to the slaughter, yes, He trod the winepress alone through the agonies of Gethsemane.

"Was it for me He wept and prayed,
My load of sin upon Him laid,
That night within Gethsemane—
Was it for me that agony?"

Was ever sorrow like this before, and none to stand by Him? If Jesus needed the human sympathy He asked for in the solitude of the garden,

how much more does He need true sympathy now, as He stands in the midst of His fierce captors. They bind Him and cruelly lead Him forth to be judged by the unjust judges of this sinful world. Falsely accused, He stands before them their Prisoner. Is there no eye to pity, is there no arm to save? Where are the twelve who promised to be true? where the brave Peter, the first to draw the sword in defence of his Master? The sheep are scattered, and the heroic Peter is far back in the rear. And, when his own life seems in danger, he denies again and again his Lord, endeavoring to prove, by his furious manner and curses on his lips, that he at least belonged not to this meek and lowly prisoner. Oh, how easy it is for us all to sit in judgment on the act of this wayward disciple. And yet have we not many a time been a partaker with him in his sin? Are we indeed true to Jesus and to the least of His brethren in their hour of loneliness? Have we not too often, like Pharoah's butler, forgotten our promise to the Joseph in prison? Peter had boasted, the butler had promised, yet one denied and the other forgot.

Oh, how much joy we miss and how much pain we cause by not fulfilling the promises we have made or might have made to the lonely ones in this cheerless world! After all, is there any happiness that comes to us like that of knowing we have lightened another's burden? Is there not always some one near us that is more needy than we?

> "Seldom can the heart be lonely
> If it seek a lonelier still;
> Self forgetting, seeking only
> Emptier cups of love to fill."

The arrest of Jesus was no mere stage play. He was not, in the scenes that followed, simply acting a part and assuming certain experiences. It was real. He was human. The more musical an instrument is the more sensitive it is to your touch. So with Jesus. His perfectly human soul was more easily hurt than any other, and the sorrow and suffering He endured was keener than that of any other man. All the world seemed bent on His destruction, and the city He came to redeem cried, "Away with Him! away with such a man from the earth!" But a drop

more bitter still was in the cup He must drink. His friends had forsaken Him; one had proven false, another had denied Him. Rejected and despised, crushed and bleeding, tired and cheerless, denied and forsaken! Was it any wonder that the Son of man, bearing His cross alone up Calvary's hill, sank under the burden of that awful load? Surely here "He trod His wine-press *alone*, and of the people there were none with Him."

Pilate has the greatest opportunity of the ages, that of setting at liberty the most innocent prisoner that ever stood before a judge. He knew Jesus was innocent; three times before the people he declared it. And then this weakling, this compromising judge, commanded Him to be scourged and crucified.

We speak of the cross and use the word "crucify" with a kind of sacredness and tenderness because of the agony He suffered for us. The torture and agony of having the body suspended in such an unnatural position was the most to be abhorred of all deaths. But it was not the pain of the cross that satisfied the Father

in Christ's death, but the surrender, of which the pain, the blood and death were evidences. Without a murmur He meekly submits to His Father's will for Him and never once does He complain.

Jesus, the Lamb of God, slain from the foundation of the world, to whom John the Baptist had pointed at the River Jordan, now hangs upon Calvary's tree. Behold Him! The nails are through His hands and through His feet, and the crown of thorns on His brow! Between two thieves, as if He were the chief transgressor! What infamy was heaped upon Him! Yet not a murmur escapes His lips. He was about His Father's business. No man had any power over Him unless it were given him from above. He had power to lay His life down and power to take it again. Nothing could happen to Him here but His Father's will for Him. Nowhere is He more master of Himself and more the unselfish worker for others than on the cross. His mother stands near. She had loved Him; she loved Him still. What could it all mean? Would He leave her *alone?* No, to the care of the gentle John He

entrusts her. In all the world who would be more likely to befriend His precious mother? He feels relieved now that Mary is cared for.

Some one is watching, a heart is touched, a voice is heard, "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom." The dignity and majesty of the suffering Christ must surely have suggested the thought of a king and of a kingdom to this dying thief. Will the Christ who cared for His mother heed the cry of this criminal? Has he any claim on Him? Dare he make a petition at such a moment? What will Jesus do? What can He do? The hands that so often had cleansed the leper and healed the blind are nailed to the cross. The feet that so often had carried benediction and blessing over the hills of Judea and Galilee can serve Him no longer. But see! His eyes open. His great heart, which none could bind, begins to heave. His lips move; the promise is given, "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise."

Three times even on the cross He is thinking of the immediate help He can give others. He loved His mother; that was natural. He

forgave a penitent sinner; why should the Saviour not do so? But listen! Hear His prayer, "Father, forgive them," as His murderers howl round His cross, lusting for His heart's blood. Was ever love like this? Though despised and rejected by men, still He loved them. Even in the agony of that awful hour no resentment is shown. Nothing could sour His nature; nothing could embitter His mind against any one. He was sweet and forgiving to the end. What wonderful love and what a brave spirit is shown here! In this act He converted the symbol of all that was base into what is now the most glorious thing in the world. To save Himself had been the temptation of His life, but not even here does He in any sense yield, thus inspiring all self-denying and self-sacrificing ones ever since.

Look again to Calvary! For three hours He hangs there, the sun beating down upon Him, looking down in those angry faces driven on by the power of darkness to destroy Him. There He sees the wickedness of the human race, which pierces like a dagger into His own mighty

heart, now almost broken. Had the prince of the power of the air marshalled the hosts of hell? Yes, it would seem so, to overthrow this one lonely man, this champion of the human race.

> "And my Lord they crucified;
> Bleeding hands and feet and side,
> Show the cruel deed was done,
> Though the darkness hid the sun."

What could it mean? Why should the heavens darken over the head of this Innocent One? Who can tell? The sun refuses to shine, darkness clothes the earth, and the forked lightnings of heaven dart in anger round His cross like the flash of the Almighty's eye, and the crashing thunder rolls in tremendous fury like the voice of Jehovah as He passes, and the earth trembles, and the foundations are shaken. Golgotha for three hours was desolate.

The very angels must have looked over the battlements of heaven and their tears have fallen upon that sufferer, but only to behold Him. No legion with wings of light and wheels of flame thundered down to His rescue. Forsaken by His nation, forsaken by His friends, was there

no star to shine in the night? Was there no rock to stand upon in the storm? Was there no eye to pity? Was there no arm to deliver? Men and angels, hide your faces from this awful tragedy. Forsaken! forsaken in the darkness of that hour, with no friend to help, with no Gethsemane angel now!

Where must His soul have sunk when He cried, "My God (not my Father), my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" Why did He shrink in Gethsemane's garden? Was He afraid of death? Would His brave spirit falter at death? Was it not rather this hour of loneliness on the cross, this moment of extreme isolation that was the "cup" He feared to taste? The hour when, like the scapegoat, bearing the sins of the people into the country uninhabited, He bore away the sin of a lost world in His own body on the tree. "And the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all."

At this moment the veil of the temple was rent in twain from top to bottom, and the Holy of Holies became forever a thing of the past, for He was the last sacrifice for sin. Yes, a sacrifice

indeed, He gave His life a ransom for many. Surely here "He trod the winepress alone, and of the people there were none with Him."

But what had He done? Was He overthrown on this battlefield? Was He subdued in this conflict? Oh, no; a thousand times no. Look again. The sun shines forth, the clouds lift and the voice of the VICTOR is heard. Oh, hear it, ye ransomed sons of men, "It is finished." "I have finished the work Thou gavest me to do." Hell is defeated, the usurper is overthrown, the Conqueror rides on, and He shouts to a trembling world, "Be of good cheer, for I have overcome."

* "And did the Holy and the Just,
The Sovereign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty man might rise?

"Yes, the Redeemer left His throne,
His radiant throne on high—
Surprising mercy, love unknown,
To suffer, bleed, and die.

"He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffered in his stead;
For sinful man, oh, wonderous grace!
For sinful man He bled.

* From J. M. Whyte's "Battle-Songs of the Cross."

"Oh Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In Thine atoning blood!
By this are sinners saved from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

"The Man of Sorrows He became;
For us He bled and died;
He bore our sin, and grief, and shame,
And we are justified."

Yes, Jesus, the "Son of man" has finished His work. He has redeemed us, not with corruptible things, such as silver and gold, but with "His precious blood." He has thrown Himself between a sin-cursed world and an endless hell; and the man that is lost is lost by trampling over this sacrifice.

But Jesus is dead. Has He won? They take Him down from the cross, "wounded for our transgressions." "Five bleeding wounds He bears." They carry Him to the tomb, His lifeless body borne by loving hands. Look once more at Calvary, forsaken now by friend and foe. But I can imagine I see the angels who desired to look into these things hovering near. See! they light upon the ground near the cross where

had hung heaven's King. Look! Gabriel, who had announced to Mary that He would reign, picks up the crown! "Can this be the crown?" he whispers. "Can this cross be His throne?" Blood on the crown! Blood on the thorns! See, the others are picking up the nails red with His blood! Awe stricken they stand holding them in their fingers. Blood on the nails! Look! Michael holds the spear that the soldier surely must have thrown away. What! Blood on the spear!

> "Let me nearer Jesus view
> Till I see the crimson hue;
> Oh, my sins, my sins were there!
> In His death they had a share."

Yes, blood on the crown, blood on the thorns, blood on the nails, blood on the spear! Blood! the precious blood of earth's Redeemer! Blood on the cross! Blood on the ground! Drops of blood mark all the way from the cross to the grave.

His lifeless body is laid in the tomb. Was He really dead? Yes, but man had not slain Him. He had power to lay down His life,

He had power to take it again. And though they looked upon Him whom they had pierced, yet not a bone is broken. When He cried, "It is finished," Sin and Poverty dared not claim Him longer, and He is laid in the grave of the Rich. Hell and earth rejoice. He is dead. They lay Him in the tomb. A great stone is rolled upon the mouth of the sepulchre, sealed with Roman seal, and guarded with Roman guard. But His friends mourn. Has God forsaken Him? Will He leave His soul in hell or suffer His Holy One to see corruption? Can the Prince of Life be held by the powers of Death?

On the third morning, when the first ray of the rising sun is heralding the coming day, in that silent hour when the world is sleeping, an angel wings his way from heaven to earth, and, with a touch of his finger, the stone is rolled away, and He who was dead steps forth. Hear the shout of the VICTOR as He stands upon the edge of the tomb: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth on me shall never die."

"Alone the dreadful race He ran,
Alone the winepress trod;
He died and suffered as a man,
He rises as a God."

Conqueror of the last enemy of man, the death of Death, truly Jesus, the "Son of man," opened again the way to the "Tree of Life," and is forever the Prince of Life. He came that men might have life and that they might have it more abundantly. The wages of sin is death, and the guilty sinner should die; but Jesus took his place and died in his stead that the gift of God might be eternal life through His finished work. Oh that the dying sons of men would return to the Author of life and the Giver of life! Oh listen to His call! Hearken to His word! On Tabor's Mount, "Hear Him," was God's command to a heedless world. Guilty sinner, hear Him: "I can save to the uttermost all that come unto me." Worldly one, hear Him: "Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God and His righteousness." Backslider, hear Him: "I will heal all your backslidings and love you freely." Trembling one, hear Him: "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be

afraid." Weary one, hear Him: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Discouraged one, hear Him: "I will not leave you comfortless, I will come unto you." Lonely one, hear Him: "I have trodden the winepress alone, and of the people there were none with me; and lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

What precious promises to all the children of men! Ho, every one that thirsteth, come; and he that hath no money, come; though your sins be as scarlet, come; though they be red like crimson, come; for He whose name is above every name and whose word endureth forever hath said it. Hear Him: "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." The Spirit and the Bride say, come; the Father says, come; the angels say, come; the archangels say, come; the seraphim say, come; the cherubim say, come; and the redeemed say, come; but, best of all, Jesus says, come—"Whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely." "And let him that heareth say, COME." To the lonely say, come; to the discouraged, to

the weary, to the trembling, to the tempted say, come ; to the backslider, to the worldly, to the sin-sick say, come. Come unto Jesus, with all your burdens—Jesus, the same yesterday, to-day and forever ; the friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

"Oh, I want to feel His presence when I waken in the morn,
With the hours of toil before me and my work yet unbegun ;
Oh, I want His strength to help me lift the burdens of the day,
And to honor His commandments, 'Little children, watch and pray.'"

He is always the same. He is always near. After His transfiguration He was the same Jesus. He returned not with Moses and Elias to the heavenly world, but for our sakes alone He remained. After His resurrection He was the same kind, sympathetic friend. How tender His words to the Magdalene. How loving His reference to His friends. He was seen in different places, and never in more than one place at the same time. In all things it behoved Him

to be made like unto His brethren. He can be touched now with the feelings of our infirmities because tempted then. Before leaving the earth He explained why He must go. "It is expedient for you that I go away." He would go because better for us: that He might ever live to make intercession for us. And when He comes to judge the world it will be in righteousness. The Father hath committed all judgment to the Son, for He alone, in all the universe of God, is capable of judging man, because He was man. He will never leave you alone. He will stand by you in the storm. He will sustain you in the conflict, and though you be lonely yet you will not be alone.

* "Not now, but in the coming years,
It may be in the better land,
We'll read the meaning of our tears,
And there, sometime, we'll understand.

"We'll catch the broken threads again,
And finish what we here began;
Heav'n will the mysteries explain,
And then, ah then, we'll understand.

*From "Sacred Songs No. 1," by permission of James McGranahan

"We'll know why clouds instead of sun
Were over many a cherished plan;
Why song has ceased when scarce begun;
'Tis there, sometime, we'll understand.

"Why what we long for most of all
Eludes so oft our eager hand;
Why hopes are crush'd and castles fall,
Up there, sometime, we'll understand.

"God knows the way, He holds the key,
He guides us with unerring hand;
Sometime with tearless eyes we'll see;
Yes, there, up there, we'll understand."

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